

## The Rain by [ghiblterritory](#)

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**Summary:**

Eleven thinks about her situation, and gets interrupted by damning weather.

## The Rain

She couldn't say how long she had been running.

It didn't feel long. Minutes, maybe. But maybe that was her brain trying to keep her going. Her legs felt like jello, and her heart pounded in her chest.

It was her fault. She shouldn't have run, she shouldn't have dragged him into everything. That nice man- Benny- didn't deserve what he got. He had only tried to help. Eleven managed to slow down and stop as the sounds and images of it all flooded to her head. The radio, his smile, the gunshot, all the blood. It was like a moving picture. She shivered, clutching herself and holding back sobs. What had she done?

Thunder rumbled above her. Before she knew how to process it, Eleven felt something drop onto her skin. Not a tear- it was colder. She felt her arm, where the drop had landed, and brushed at what hit her. A water droplet. Another crashed onto her head, and suddenly, a million of them were falling and making her skin wet. She writhed in the feeling, but didn't flinch like she would have before.

Her brain brought her back not too far in the past. To the diner again.

*"Damn," Benny muttered under his breath as he stared out the window.  
"Looks like it'll rain tonight."*

*The diner was empty, after a short day of work for Benny- only made harder by the appearance of Eleven. Trying to get her to open up was hard, but by now, he was certain that he'd made progress. She sat on his counter while he finished up some of the day's dishes and prepped for the next day. When he spoke, Eleven gave him a weird look. "What... is rain?"*

*He blinked, shocked for a moment. Of all the things that surprised him about her, it was her lack of common knowledge that got to him the most. "Rain is... well. It's water. You see, the clouds- those big white things in the sky? They have a lot of water in them. And every once in a while, they get so heavy from the water, they have to let it go."*

*Something in her eyes gleamed, nodding once as she processed it. "How... how do the clouds get the water?"*

*Benny smiled. "The water that's already down here evaporates. That means it turns into air, and goes up to the clouds. All of this stuff is called the water cycle."*

*Eleven nodded once more, tapping her fingers. "Water cycle..." She whispered. He didn't know why, but he felt a weird sense of pride in her catching on to these things so quickly. "Yeah. You've got it, kid."*

*Eleven felt herself let go of a breath she didn't know she was holding, and closed her eyes.*

*So this was rain.*

It washed her skin of the dirt for a moment, drenched her shirt and made her cold. But something about it felt calming. Like a message. A reassurance.

*“Dustin, can you stop being a pussy!”*

She snapped back to reality as the sound of voices- a trio of them, to be exact- coming towards her. Part of her wanted to run, but another kept her frozen in place, listening to the sounds. None of the voices sounded familiar. Or mean, really. Eleven stepped closer to the voices, and the lights moving around towards them...

Rain tapped against their window like rocks, loud enough to snap Eleven awake. It was morning, despite the dark clouds. Eleven sat up and ran a hand through her hair, trying to process her weird dream. The sound of the shower got her attention instead, calmly alerting her to where Mike was. She smiled.

Eleven stayed there until Mike was out, drying his hair with a towel before he spotted her.

“Well,” He grinned, moving to lean over and kiss her forehead. “I never thought you were gonna wake up.”

“I was having too good of a dream.” She muttered back, grabbing his shirt collar and kissing him for real. He melted into the action easily, trying to keep his balance. They pulled back after a minute without air, and he hid his face in the crook of her neck. “Come on, don’t make me have to take another shower- colder this time, of course.”

“Gross.” She laughed, pushing him back. “Just get your hair dried-oh, and you should see what we have for breakfast, I’m hungry. But also too lazy to go see for myself.”

Mike rolled his eyes, but didn’t complain as he gave his hair another rub and started to leave. “Please- we’ve only had one thing for breakfast every day for the past four years. Eggos will never run out in this damn house!”

He shut the door behind her, leaving Eleven free to give a dreamy sigh. What would she do without Mike, honestly?” She finally got the determination to bring her legs over to the edge of the bed and stand, stretching her back. Got, that mattress killed her. Eleven made her way to the full length mirror that hung on their wall and took a look at herself.

She’d really grown out of her weird, malnutrition wrecked body. In its place was a stocky, bordering on tan figure, with curly hair barely at her shoulders and wide eyes reflecting a life of mystery. Her big, yellow shirt hung on her like a bag. It still smelled like the diner. Like the rain. Eleven loved it all the same. In all, she liked the woman who stared back at her.

“Hey, El!” Mike called upstairs. “Looks like Lucas ate the last set of waffles. Wanna run to the store with me?”

“Give me a minute!” She called back, quickly looking at her reflection once again and smiling at it. Then, she got dressed, and left to grab her one and only fuel.

Without taking off the yellow shirt she'd gotten so long ago.

**Author's Note:**

GOD this week has been so much fun! I hope to do this again next year.